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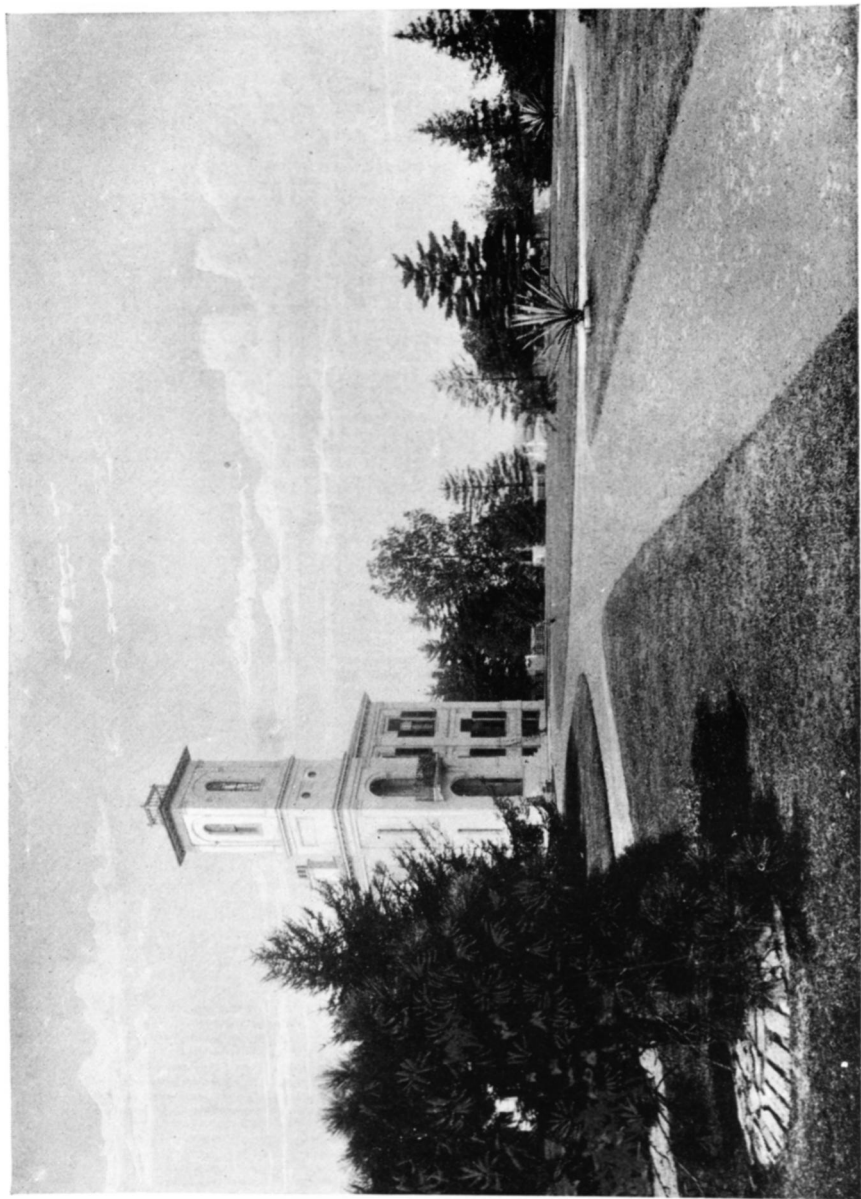
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HENRY SHAW.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THOMAS DIMMOCK.

Like most of the world's benefactors, Henry Shaw has left scanty material for the biographer. A life prolonged far beyond the ordinary term, and full of active effort almost from beginning to end, was singularly uneventful — "Keeping the noiseless tenor of its way" from birth to death with little to break, nothing to seriously disturb, its even current. He was a public man only through his labors for the public good. He held no office of any kind, was never a prominent figure in state or municipal affairs, and by choice as well as natural temperament was essentially a private citizen. Even when his benefactions had made him famous abroad as well as at home, he remained the same modest and retiring gentleman; seeking no honor, caring for no praise — anxious only that his works should live and speak for him when he had gone. And his life was so completely identified and blended with these works, that they will ever be the best and all-sufficient biography of him.

Henry Shaw was born in Sheffield, England, July 24, 1800. His father, Joseph Shaw, was a native of Leicester, but removed to Sheffield at a very early age. The mother, Sarah Hoole, whom he most resembled in disposition, was a native of that city. Henry was the oldest of four children. One son died in infancy, and two daughters are still living: Miss Sarah Shaw, in Rochester, New York, at the age of 86, and Mrs. Caroline Morisse, in St. Louis, at the age of 84. The father was a manufacturer of grates, fire-irons, etc., and had a large establishment in Green Lane, Sheffield, which was afterwards removed to Roscoe Place; both of which sites have long since disappeared before the advancing tide



LATE RESIDENCE OF HENRY SHAW, IN THE GARDEN.

of brick and mortar. Probably the earliest recollections of the boy were associated with the factory and warehouse, but he showed no tendency to tread in the paternal footsteps in that respect; though the business habits and methods he was thus brought in contact with at the period when the mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain," were of inestimable service to him at a later day.

His primary education was obtained at Thorne, a village not far from his native town; and his favorite place for study, we are told, was an arbor, half-hidden by blossoming vines and surrounded by trees and flowers. He seems to have been a lover of these from childhood, and with his two sisters passed many happy hours in the little garden attached to the family residence; "planting and cultivating anemones and ranunculus," as he remembered and told after the lapse of nearly eighty years.

From Thorne he was transferred to Mill Hill, about twenty miles from London. It was what is termed in England a "Dissenting" school, the elder Shaw being a Baptist; but was considered among the best private institutions of learning in the Kingdom. Here he remained some six years, leaving probably in 1817; and here he finished that part of his education which schools could give — the education that taught him how to educate himself in the long and busy life upon which he was soon to enter. Mill Hill gave him an average knowledge of the classics, less of Greek than of Latin; and more than an average knowledge of mathematics, which he developed by subsequent study, for the mere love of the science apparently. He was for a long time regarded as the best mathematician in St. Louis. At both schools he was taught French, and became in later years an excellent French scholar; speaking, reading and writing it with as much ease and correctness as English. He was especially fond of French literature, and his library is quite rich in the standard authors as well as lighter works. Undoubtedly, he was introduced at Mill Hill to other modern languages: German, Italian and Spanish — all of which

(except perhaps German) he followed up more or less until the last years of his life; as well-thumbed grammars and dictionaries, and a good selection of Italian and Spanish books, abundantly prove.

With this preliminary equipment the boy took his place in the ranks of men by assisting his father at the home establishment for a year, and then — in 1818 — came with him to Canada. His manly qualities must have shown themselves unmistakably by that time, for the same year his father sent him to New Orleans; mainly, it is understood, with the object of learning the mysteries of cotton-raising, though other business of no great consequence required his presence there. But his stay in Louisiana was short; he did not like the climate, nor were there any present or prospective financial inducements to remain. He was now his own master, and decided to exchange the South for the North and try his fortune in the then small and remote French trading post called St. Louis. Embarking on the “Maid of New Orleans,” after a long and tedious voyage the youthful adventurer arrived at his destination May 3, 1819. A venerable citizen — Mr. Frederick L. Billon — saw the steamer come to anchor at the foot of what is now Market Street, and was among the first to welcome the stranger. He says: “Mr. Shaw had come from England with a small stock of cutlery, to make his fortune in the New World. With little means he began business on the second floor of a building which he found for rent, and for a time lived, cooked, and sold his goods in this one room. I have sat with him there many a time, playing chess during the long evenings. He cared little for society, and while he went out to parties and balls occasionally, he seemed to avoid making acquaintances among the girls of that period. The reason of this was [so thinks Mr. Billon] that he had come to make money solely, with the expressed intention of some day returning to his native heath to enjoy the result of his early years of labor. He intended marrying some English girl, and for that reason avoided making female

friends, fearing he might fall in love and thus spoil his well-defined plans."

The capital which bought the "small stock of cutlery" and gave the young man his first start in life, was furnished by his uncle, Mr. James Hoole, who lived to see the splendid success of the perilous investment, and for whose memory his nephew cherished the profoundest respect.

While, very naturally and properly, the main object of Mr. Shaw at this the decisive period of his career was to "make money," and thereby secure that financial independence necessary for the accomplishment of higher purposes, and while in order to do this he willingly denied himself many youthful enjoyments, he did not push his prudent self-denial beyond reasonable limits. Then and always he knew how to harmonize business and pleasure, how to use both without abusing either, and so to obtain the benefits of both with the fewest possible disadvantages. He never believed in the popular American doctrine of "all work and no play," nor did he adopt the equally foolish American idea which postpones the play until work has destroyed all desire for it. He had his time for business and his time for pleasure, and never allowed one to interfere with or encroach upon the other. St. Louis in those days was small in population, but large enough in the material for social enjoyment. The dominant element was French; with all that the name implies in warm hospitality, simple courtesy, fondness for innocent amusement, and that invincible light-heartedness which no care or trouble, however heavy, can altogether subdue. His knowledge of the language was no less useful in social than in commercial affairs, and combined with uniform politeness and entertaining conversation soon made him as much at home in this little fragment of far away France as if he were a Frenchman born. The finest garden in St. Louis then belonged to Madame Rosalie Saugrain; and her daughter — the late Mrs. Henry Von Phul — remembered how the young Englishman, on his daily afternoon horse-back rides

into the open country beyond what is now Seventh Street, would stop at the garden fence, admire the beautiful flowers, and exchange pleasant words with the accomplished lady who had brought the manners and tastes of Paris into the wilds of western America. These were probably Mr. Shaw's happiest years, to which he always looked back with fullest appreciation of the blessings they bestowed upon him. He had youth, health, friendship, agreeable associations and surroundings; everything except wealth — and that was rapidly coming. Natural business ability of a high order, united with strictest integrity, unrelenting energy, rigid economy and close personal attention, were producing their appropriate fruit.

When the balance sheet for 1839 was struck it showed, to the great surprise of Mr. Shaw, a net gain for the year of \$25,000. He could not believe his own figures, and so went over them again and again until he could no longer doubt the fact. Telling the story many years afterward he said it seemed to him then that "this was more money than any man in my circumstances ought to make in a single year," and he resolved then and there to go out of active business at the first good opportunity. The opportunity presented itself very early in the following year, and was promptly improved by the sale of his entire stock of merchandise. So at forty years of age — only the noon of life — with all his physical and mental powers unimpaired and vigorous, Henry Shaw was a free man — and the possessor of \$250,000 (equivalent to \$1,000,000 in our day) with which to enjoy that freedom. The practical philosophy — usually called common sense, because perhaps it is so very uncommon — which was the ruling feature of his character, was never more clearly and happily displayed than in this retirement. To it he owed what has secured him grateful and generous remembrance forever; to it we, and those who will come after us, owe the rare and precious gifts of perfected Nature whose "infinite variety age cannot wither nor custom stale."

In September, 1840, Mr. Shaw made his first visit to Europe, stopping on the way at Rochester, N. Y., where his parents and sisters resided. The youngest sister, now Mrs. Morisse, accompanied him to England, from whence, after a lengthy stay among relatives and friends, he proceeded alone to the Continent for an extended tour. Returning to St. Louis in the autumn of 1842, he arranged his affairs for another absence in Europe which lasted about three years; during which time he visited all the then accessible European localities, together with Constantinople and Egypt. A contemplated journey to Palestine was arrested by the prevalence of the plague. The journals kept and letters written in the course of these two absences abroad show, what might have been expected, that Mr. Shaw did not travel merely for the sake of traveling, but to see and hear what was most worth seeing and hearing; or, in other words, to acquire that invaluable education which only such intelligent and observing travel can afford. The broad, comprehensive, impartial views of men and things with which he thus supplemented the knowledge drawn from books and from personal experience, may be regarded as completing the culture of his maturer life. Thenceforth he was, in the best sense of the phrase, a man of the world; a cosmopolitan rather — who though living by preference in America, could have been equally at home in any other civilized country.

Early in 1851 Mr. Shaw went abroad for the last time, drawn thither by the first World's Fair, then being held in London. This final visit has a special and peculiar interest to us from the fact that out of it grew, indirectly, the Missouri Botanical Garden and Tower Grove Park. According to his own statement, it was while walking through the grounds of Chatsworth — the most magnificent private residence in Europe — that the fruitful idea first dawned upon him. He said to himself: "Why may I not have a garden too? I have enough land and money for something of the same sort in a smaller way." That idea could not have had a more lovely or more appropriate birthplace than the spot

upon which the hereditary chiefs of the great house of Devonshire have for nearly three hundred years lavished all the resources of ample wealth and cultivated taste; the historic domain which William the Conqueror gave to his natural son, William Peveril; which Sir William Cavendish bought, and began to improve, in the reign of Elizabeth; which for thirteen years was the prison of Elizabeth's cousin and enemy, Mary, Queen of Scots; which before and since has been famous in English song and story, and which to-day is a sight well worth crossing the ocean to see.

Mr. Shaw returned in December, 1851. The mansion at Tower Grove had been finished in 1849 and the one at the corner of Seventh and Locust streets was then being built. From this time forward he was in St. Louis, with the exception of short summer vacations at the Atlantic coast or the Northern lakes. Apparently a man of elegant leisure, he was in reality a very busy man for the next thirty years. An idler he never was until physical weakness compelled him to be such. The idea born at Chatsworth was developing and taking shape.

In 1857 the late Dr. Engelmann, then in Europe, was commissioned in a general way by Mr. Shaw to examine botanical gardens and obtain such suggestions as he might deem of value. The Missouri Garden was begun, by trenching and other preliminary preparation, in that year. About the same time a correspondence was begun with Sir William J. Hooker, then Director of Kew Gardens, who wrote, under date of August 10, 1857: "Very few appendages to a garden of this kind are of more importance for instruction than a library and economic museum, and these gradually increase like a rolling snow-ball." This appears to have decided Mr. Shaw to provide a small library and museum; the building for which was erected in 1858-59. The selection of books was largely entrusted to Dr. Engelmann, in consultation with Hooker, Decaisne, Alexander Braun, and other of his botanical friends. At the same time Dr. Engelmann urged upon Mr. Shaw the purchase of the large

herbarium of the then recently deceased Professor Bernhardt, of Erfurth, Germany, which was offered for sale at a very small price. Writing from Kew on this subject, August 11, 1857, Engelmann says: "You see that Hooker's active spirit is stirring up everything and everybody that comes in contact with him." And Hooker writes — January 1, 1858 — "He (Engelmann) tells me of the herbarium of the late Dr. Bernhardt of Erfurth which he expects to buy for St. Louis. That ought to be a good commencement for the more scientific part of the establishment. * * * The State ought to feel that it owes you much for so much public spirit, and so well directed."

Mr. Shaw has told Professor Trelease, the present Director of the Garden, that he had at one time planned a grand School of Botany, with residences for the faculty, laboratories, etc., opposite the main gate; but abandoned the project because of the wise advice of Dr. Asa Gray, who said that the experiment should be tried in a small way first; as such things cannot be forced, but must grow.

In the summer of 1866 Mr. Shaw was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. James Gurney, from the Royal Botanical Garden in Regent's Park, London, whose practical knowledge and experience, and faithful and conscientious devotion to his various duties, won the entire confidence of his employer, and contributed very largely to make Garden and Park what they now are. Mr. Shaw's personal supervision of both was, however, never abandoned; and in this congenial employment, and in perfecting arrangements for the continuance of the noble work he had so well begun, the last twenty-five years of his life were happily and appropriately spent. Until the summer of 1885 he had not been out of St. Louis for nearly twenty years, except for a drive to the neighboring village of Kirkwood to dine with a friend. During the heated term of the year mentioned, he became so much debilitated that his physician insisted upon a change of climate. He went to Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, spending some time at Lakeside on Pewaukee Lake, not

far from Milwaukee. He returned greatly improved and resumed with renewed zeal his usual avocations. But he had passed far beyond the boundary line of three score and ten, and realized the truth of the old verse : —

“For age will rust the brightest blade,
And time will break the stoutest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made
But time and age will lay him low.”

On the 24th of July, 1889, he received numerous visitors to congratulate him upon the commencement of his ninetieth year. He was weak physically, though able to meet them in the drawing-room at Tower Grove, and his mind was as clear as ever. This, however, was his last appearance in public. An attack of malaria upon an already enfeebled system speedily dissipated all hopes of recovery, and he died at 3:25 Sunday morning, August 25th. The death, peaceful and painless, occurred in his favorite room on the second floor of the old homestead; by the window of which he sat nearly every night for more than thirty years until the morning hours, absorbed in the reading which had been the delight of his life. This room was always plainly furnished, containing only a brass bedstead, tables, chairs, and the few books he loved to have near him. The windows look out upon the old garden which was the first botanical beginning at Tower Grove. On Saturday, August 31st, after such ceremonial as St. Louis never bestowed upon any deceased citizen, Henry Shaw was laid to rest in the Mausoleum long prepared in the midst of the Garden he had created — not for himself merely, but for all the generations that shall come after him, and who, enjoying it, will “rise up and call him blessed.” There, amid the trees, the grass, and the flowers which were so near and dear to him from infancy to old age; with the soft evening sky bending over him like a benediction, and the vesper song of birds mingling with the farewell hymn, he was left to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. And so the long and useful life was rounded to its close.

America was Mr. Shaw's country not merely by adoption, but by deliberate and well-considered choice — a choice he never regretted and of which he was always proud. When he retired from business he was in the prime of manhood, and with wealth amply sufficient in those days for the gratification of tastes far more luxurious than were his. It would have enabled him to live in England, or in any part of the Continent, much more easily and pleasantly, as a gentleman of leisure, than it was then possible to do in America. He had nothing except personal preference to keep him here, and very much, one would suppose, to induce him to take up permanent residence abroad. Yet after long and repeated absences — which, in most cases, would have ended in such residence — he returned to St. Louis to live and to die; to begin, carry forward, and consummate the life-work with which his name will be forever associated.

Yet while Mr. Shaw was so thoroughly American in the true sense of the word, he was as thoroughly English in all those hereditary traits, ideas, and habits which are born in us and not made by us, and which inevitably take their shape and color from the soil and stock from which we spring. "Blood is thicker than water," and the English blood transmitted by a long line of unmixed English ancestry was always strong in him. He did not love England the less because he loved America more, and his attachment for the land of his birth remained deep and ardent — though undemonstrative — to the last. He liked to have about him things which reminded him of his old home. Much of the furniture in both his town and country house was of English manufacture of fifty years ago; most of the pictures and prints upon the walls were of English subjects, and he preferred to read his favorite authors in the English editions through which he first knew them. He was systematic in everything, as Englishmen of his generation were much more than they are now. Systematic in personal habits: eating, drinking, sleeping, exercise and recreation; to which regularity, guided always by pru-

dence, his remarkable health to advanced age was largely due. Systematic above all in his business. Promptness and punctuality were cardinal virtues with him. He put off nothing until tomorrow that could as well be done to-day. Whatever he did himself was well done, and what he could not do himself he placed in competent hands, and whenever practicable gave it careful personal supervision. His penmanship was clear and remarkably handsome, and the books which contain the records of his public and private business would do honor to the best professional accountant. He made out the pay-rolls of both the Garden and Park up to the month of his death, and then allowed another to do it only because utterly unable himself to hold a pen. He managed business matters on strictly business principles, and in so doing knew no difference between a friend and a stranger. He would take no advantage, however legal, of either; but he expected both the friend and the stranger to be as faithful in the discharge of financial obligations and contracts as he himself was — and “his word” was ever “as good as his bond.” He was a merchant of the old school, and his ideas of business honesty and honor belonged to the past rather than to the present; nor did he ever, under any circumstances, change them in practice to suit present conditions.

Mr. Shaw knew the value of money, as all men do who have labored for it as he did; but he did not, as many men do, love money for its own sake — for the power it gives or the luxuries it buys. He had none of that feverish greed of gold of which we see and feel so much. He retired from active business when in the very prime of life, content with what now looks like the quite moderate fortune of \$250,000. There is every reason to believe that, with his exceptional qualifications for success in this department, he might easily have increased the \$250,000 to \$2,500,000 long before he had reached the age of sixty. He retired, not because he was afraid of losing what he had made, or thought he could not make any more; but because he felt he had

enough, and intended to enjoy it. He always owned his money; his money never owned him. His tastes and habits were simple and sensible; he lived well but not extravagantly, and with not the slightest attempt at ostentation. Up to the very last years of his life he drove himself the one-horse barouche which was his sole equipage, and not until friends warned him of the dangers incident to growing infirmity did he indulge in a carriage and coachman.

Mr. Shaw was not generous, in the ordinary acceptation of the word; that is, he did not respond to many of the innumerable appeals made to his benevolence, and had no hesitation in declining. In this, as in other things, he knew how to say "No" — and said it very often. He was not uncharitable, but the object of charity had to be unequivocally deserving to obtain assistance from him. He chose — and certainly had the right of choice — to be generous in the large rather than in the small. He reserved his contributions for the benefit of the many, instead of bestowing them upon the few; for the many not merely of his own day, but of all the days to come. From the moment he resolved to make this Garden and this Park for public uses forever, they became the central purpose and motive power of his life. They were wife and children to him. For them he watched and worked, and to them and their present and future interests he consecrated all the energies of body and mind until he could watch and work no more. The Garden and the Park could not be what they are now, could not be what they surely will be hereafter, if the man who planned and perpetuated them had scattered his comparatively limited means among the multitude of applicants. He refused to be generous to some so that he might be more than generous to all.

The following anecdote may be related here: Some years ago Mr. Shaw was escorting a lady visitor through the Garden, and pointing out to her the various rare plants and flowers he knew so well and watched so fondly. She said

to him : " I cannot understand, sir, how you are able to remember all these different and difficult names." " Madam," he replied with a courtly bow, " did you ever know a mother who could forget the names of her children? These plants and flowers are my children. How can I forget them?"

On a certain occasion when a bottle of choice Medoc was upon the table, Mr. Shaw — diluting his glass — remarked with a smile: " I learned to take my wine with a little water, from Montaigne."

He was a great lover of the wise and witty old Gascon (from whose fountain so many writers have drawn their wit and wisdom without acknowledging the debt) and learned from him much more important things than the dilution of his wine. " He was, I think," says a close observer of him, " of the same bent of mind so far as life is concerned." Emerson, in his " Representative Men," takes Montaigne as a typical sceptic, not so much in religion—for, whatever may have been his private opinions, publicly he lived and died a Catholic—but in his general views of life. The device upon his seal was a pair of scales and the motto beneath, in old French: " What do I know?" Mr. Shaw might have adopted the same device and motto, for he certainly was governed in large measure by the principle they set forth. He took as little as possible upon trust, and as far as possible tested everything and everybody before giving his faith and confidence. He believed fully in men and things only after they had been fully tried and found worthy. A gentleman who had long business association with him says: " It was more than two years after our first acquaintance before he was what is called ' social ' with me, and five years before he invited me to his house. After that his confidence in me seemed to be established, and was never, so far as I know, withdrawn." But it is doubtful whether Mr. Shaw ever had, at any time, what is called " a bosom friend ;" one to whom he could unreservedly reveal himself. He had not that need of sympathy and support which such intimacy usually implies.

He was always self-supporting and self-poised, requiring no outside aid of any kind from any quarter. His friends were many, and he valued their friendship; but the nearest of them felt that they could come just so near, and no nearer — that there was a certain point they could not pass, even if so inclined; a place where he desired no companionship, where he stood alone.

Montaigne, if we may judge from the inimitable “*Essays*,” looked at life from the philosophic standpoint, and rarely suffered his equanimity to be disturbed by any incident or accident, however annoying. In this enviable peculiarity Mr. Shaw followed his example. His naturally high temper was under such complete control that few ever suspected its existence. “*In twenty-three years*,” says Mr. Gurney, the head gardener, “*I never heard him speak a harsh or an irritable word. No matter what went wrong — and on such a place and with so many men things will go wrong occasionally — he was always pleasant and cheerful, making the best of what could not be helped.*” Illustrating this control of temper another informant says: “*The only time, I think, I ever saw Mr. Shaw actually angry was when a certain person had failed to keep an important engagement and given a poor, if not provoking, excuse for his failure. Mr. Shaw relieved his mind to me on the subject, speaking very strongly and sharply for some minutes, while I sat watching the unusual exhibition with considerable curiosity. At last he caught my eye, stopped short and said: ‘Ah, Mr. A——, I see by your face what you are thinking of. You are thinking that I have lost my temper — and you are right. Let us go into the next room and take a glass of wine together. And will you be kind enough to ask Mr. C—— (the offending party) to dine with me next Sunday?’*”

Montaigne — as everybody who has read him knows — was the very prince of egotists, and had, so to speak, reduced egotism to a most delightful science. Mr. Shaw was no egotist, and, if he had a grain of egotism in his composition,

concealed its presence perfectly. In conversation he was reticent rather than the reverse ; talked little about himself, and less about what he had done or proposed doing for the public ; manifested no anxiety for the appreciative praise he had so justly earned, and when it was given received it with modest dignity, and seldom made any reply beyond a bow and a word of thanks. In manners he was a fair reproduction of

“A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time ” —

Only, perhaps, somewhat less effusive and more dignified than that traditional personage is represented to have been. He was always polite to all, and for ladies especially, had not merely scrupulous politeness, but that stately yet graceful courtesy which belonged to the ancient regime. And beneath it all there was a kind heart. To some one who inquired why he employed so many Bohemians, he replied : “The Bohemians do not seem to be very popular with us, and I think I ought to help them all I can.” Walking one day in the Garden with a young lad who was visiting him, he met a lame workman engaged in sweeping up leaves, and greeted him with a “Good morning, Henry.” A moment later, noticing that the boy had said nothing : “Charles, you did not speak to Henry. Go back and say ‘Good morning’ to him.” Evidently the fine cynicism of Montaigne had never touched the heart of his admirer.

Mr. Shaw, though he had no knowledge of music, was very fond of it, and moreover, was a strong believer in its elevating and refining influence upon the popular mind. The Sunday afternoon concerts in the Park during the summer months are due to his love for and belief in music. He was always present when health permitted, enjoying himself in seeing others enjoy what he had provided ; and was especially pleased when a large audience gathered around the stand which he had adorned with marble busts of the great composers, to listen to their masterpieces.

Perhaps the handsomest compliment ever offered him, and the one most highly appreciated, was the serenade at Tower Grove some two years ago by Gilmore's band, then giving their annual series of concerts at the Exposition. It was a lovely October day, with cloudless skies and mild yet invigorating air; the foliage just beginning to assume the many-colored livery of autumn, but still retaining the luxuriant growth of summer. Mr. Shaw was seated upon the lawn in front of the mansion, with a few friends about him, while at proper distance in front were grouped the sixty-five members of that famous orchestra. As the strains of soul-inspiring music saluted the ear of the venerable gentleman for whom they were primarily intended, his face lighted up with an expression of pleasure too deep for words, and he leaned forward in his chair as if unwilling to lose the faintest note of the divine harmony. The picture of which he was the central figure can never be forgotten by those who saw it; "once seen, became a part of sight."

From youth, until extreme age prevented, Mr. Shaw attended the theatre whenever the performance was of sufficient merit to attract him. He liked all good plays well played, but preferred comedy to tragedy; thinking there is enough real sorrow and suffering in the world without paying to see the unreal article upon the stage. He wanted, especially in his latter years, to be amused rather than deeply interested, and a hearty laugh was worth more to him than all the woes of "Hamlet" or "Lear." So it came to pass that of the four bronze bas-reliefs on the pedestal of the Shakspeare statue, the most conspicuous place is assigned to the one representing the late Ben DeBar in the character of "Falstaff." A friend, who was himself at that time the oldest living actor, good-naturedly remonstrated with him. "Why, Mr. Shaw," said he, "I knew DeBar well, and I liked him, too; he was a first-rate comedian in his line, but not a great dramatic artist by any means. Yet you have honored him as Garrick or Siddons have never been honored, and he don't deserve it, sir!"



HUMBOLDT STATUE IN TOWER GROVE PARK.

“Probably you are quite right, Mr. L——, from a professional point of view,” replied Mr. Shaw, with his usual smile, “but I am indebted to Mr. DeBar for a great many very pleasant hours, and am glad of the opportunity to partially repay that debt.” It is to his recognition of a much higher order of dramatic ability that we owe the Neilson mulberry tree in the rear of the Shakspeare statue; marking the spot which “the incomparable Juliet” selected on her last visit to St. Louis for the slip from the poet’s own mulberry at Stratford, which she would have sent had not untimely death forbidden. When this memorial tree was planted in October, 1880, Mr. Shaw and his old actor friend, Mr. L——, were both present, and threw in the first earth to fill the excavation.

But neither friends, nor books, nor music, nor drama, nor all combined, gave half the pleasure and satisfaction for the last twenty-five years of his life, which the Garden and Park furnished him. He lived *for* them, and as far as was practicable, *in* them; walking or driving every day, when weather and health allowed, and permitting no work of importance to go on without more or less of his personal inspection and direction. The late Dr. Asa Gray — than whom there can be no higher authority — once said: “This Park and the Botanical Garden are the finest institutions of the kind in the country; in variety of foliage the Park is unequaled.”

Exactly when the idea of creating what is now Tower Grove Park first came to Mr. Shaw, is unknown; but it was doubtless suggested by what he had seen in Europe, and took active shape when the Garden was firmly established, and seemed to need some such supplementary accompaniment. The first steps were taken in 1866, but the enterprise did not assume definite form until the following year. Since then it has proceeded steadily and systematically, and, until his last illness, literally under the eye of the man who conceived this “thing of beauty” to be “a joy forever.” More than 20,000 trees have been planted

here; all raised in the arboretum of the Garden. Mr. Shaw used to say when planting them that he did not expect to live to see these trees reach maturity; that he was "planting them for posterity." But nearly all of that splendid family which he had nursed and reared were fully grown when his coffin passed under their shadowing canopy of leaves to the Mausoleum in the Garden. The Park contains, including the surrounding strip, 276 and $\frac{76}{100}$ acres; and nothing has been omitted, apparently, which could make the perfection of a pleasure ground. The walks, the drives, the ornamental water, the labyrinth, the shady groves, the well-kept grass and fragrant flowers, form a combination of attractions which no lover of Nature can resist. In the midst of these rare surroundings, like jewels in a worthy setting, are three statues of heroic size by Baron von Mueller, of Munich: Shakspeare, Humboldt, and Columbus. These noble bronzes are not merely works of art which any city in any country would be proud to possess, but they are curiously unique. Adelaide Neilson — whose judgment in such matters may be trusted — declared that "she had seen every memorial of Shakspeare of any consequence, public and private, in existence; and that this one was, in her opinion, decidedly the finest." The niece of Humboldt, after seeing this statue of her uncle at Munich, wrote Mr. Shaw, thanking him for the high honor conferred upon her family, and said Europe had done nothing comparable to it for the great naturalist. We know America has not; and we know, too, that neither Europe nor America has a monument to the discoverer of the New World at all comparable to the Columbus in Tower Grove Park. As has been well said: "If dumb metal could speak, the greatest of poets and the greatest of naturalists and the greatest of discoverers would salute each other across these verdant spaces and join in thanking the man who has bestowed upon them such generous and graceful immortality."

What the Missouri Botanical Garden is now, and prom-



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ises to be hereafter, this volume will sufficiently tell. With Garden and Park present and prospective before us, and realizing as far as possible the contributions to human knowledge and human happiness which must flow from them in years to come, we may well say of Henry Shaw, what is written of Sir Christopher Wren in the Cathedral of St. Paul's:—

Si monumentum quæris — circumspice.